A

DIALOGUE

Between the

FLAG

OF

St. *MARTIN*'s Steeple,

AND THE

Standard

AT THE

TOWER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LONDON, Printed by *D. E.* and fold by *A. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*. MDCXCVIII.

TO THE

Right Honourable

JOHN Lord *JEFFERYES*,

Baron of WEM, &c.

MY LORD,

THE *Noble Character you are Maſter of, And the kind Reception your Lordſhip has been pleaſed to give to Things of this Nature has emboldened me to make this Preſent to Your Lordſhip. And the Your Lordſhip's Hours are generall Employ'd in more ſerious Exerciſe*

A y

yet the Peruſal of ſo Trifling a Pamphlet, *may ſo ſoften your more ſevere Studies, as it may be counted a* Diverſion, *if it cannot have the Name of a* Pleaſure. *My Lord, ſince the Corruption of the Age has been ſuch, as to render Things* Animate *ill employers of their Reaſon, it is but juſt that the Things which are* Inanimate, *ſhould ſerve as ſo many Inſtructions to 'em; and to give Beaſts, and Things void of Speech, the uſe of their Tongue, cannot be counted as Harm, ſince to take it from Man, who makes ſo ill uſe of it, would carry the appearance of Juſtice with it. The two* Flags *which have Your Lordſhip's Acceptance, contend for* Religion *and* Loyalty,

and

and I cannot but think I have done Juſtice to that of the Court, *in making it prevail in the* Diſpute, *ſince the Church's has ſo far made a Forfeit of Both, as to have no very good Plea to* Either. *But, my Lord, there needs no giving your Lordſhip a light into my Deſign, who will but too ſoon (for its Author) give Your Judgment of it. All I have to do, is, to ask Your Lordſhip's Acceptance, and that You would be pleas'd to pardon the Deficiencies of,*

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obedient Servant.

W. P.

A

DIALOGUE

Between the

FLAG of St. *Martin's* Steeple,

AND THE

STANDARD at the *TOWER.*

SInce Beasts, Fish, and Birds
Now Discourse, and use Words,
And Steeples, and Spires fall a Preaching;
There's a way, without doubt,
For a Standard *and* Clout,
To shew likewise their Talent of Speech in.

St. *Martin*'s Flag.

DEar Brother Flag,
You have heard of the *Drag*—
Half a word is enough to the Wiſe;
But Lord, how *Graſhopper*
Look'd to Monſter ſo proper,
And of ſuch a terrible Size!
I, faith that ſame Beaſt,
Tho' I once was your Jeſt,
And the Subject of Mirth and your Laughter,
With His Talons and Nails
Has quite turn'd the Scales,
And I'm now made a *Man* for hereafter.

The Church, Boy, the Church!
Both Steeple and Porch,
Is allow'd for a Place that is good:

And Egad Sir, when *Majors*,
Went to *Halls* to ſay *Pray'rs*,
It was almoſt as much as it cou'd.

I muſt needs tell you now,
Without Flatt'ry or Bow,
I'm as good as your ſelf for the future,

Tho' you bear a great Name,
Our *Flags* are the ſame,
And our Qualities alſo ſhould ſuit here.

Stan-

Standard.

VAin, Silly, poor Rag,
Show his Majesty's Flag,
The Respect which is due to his Place,

Nor dare to intrude
With Discourses so rude,
And with Words so presumptuous and base.

Dog, look where I stand,
And the City command,
From the King's Royal Tower and Pallace.

Whilst to humour the People,
You are plac'd on the Steeple,
Tho' you'd done as much good on the G——

One would think 'twas enough
For the Parſon to Huff,
And force Tythes and Reſpect from the Croud;
Becauſe he looks Great,
And takes on him ſome State,
Muſt the poor Pariſh-Clout too be proud?

St. *Mar.* Flag.

A *Clout* Sir! for ſhame,
Uſe a decenter Name,
Since I ſtand on a place that's divine,
Tho' I coſt not ſo many
A Pound, and fair Penny,
Yet my *Clout*'s a *Flag* as well as thine.

Both *Collectors*, and *Wardens*
Have contributed *Farthings*,
To make me look Great as I do:

And I think I ſay right,
If with *Main* and *Might*,
I have done as much good full as you.

In ſhort, tho' your *Streamer*
May powerfull ſeem here,
'Cauſe with *Ditches* and *Guns* ſo ſurrounded,

I have known Sir, a time,
When my *Bell-Ferrys* Chime
Has thoſe *Guns*, and thoſe *Ditches* confounded:

When

When your *Huffers* and *Dingers*
Were affraid of my *Ringers*,
Tho' commanded by ſtout Sir *Ned Hales:*

And thoſe you call'd Vermin,
My *Porters* and *Carmen*,
Made your *Lace-coated Hero*'s turn Tails.

Standard.

YEs, my Friend, that is certain,
Thou deſerv'ſt a great part in
The Bleſſings this Nation has bought:

But methought it look'd odly,
To ſee *Clergy* ſo godly,
Diſſent from the Doctrines they taught.

How

How *Pulpit* and *Desk*,
With *ſerious* Burleſque,
Laid forth the *Prerogative Royal*!
And with *Bell*, *Book*, and *Candle*,
Curs'd thoſe who dar'd handle
A Text, which ſhould offer Denyal!
But when *Right Divine*
Grappl'd at the *Church* Rhino,
And the *Tythe-Pigs* were like to be ſeiz'd;
Then St. *Martin's* and *Bow*,
Turn their *Yes*, *Yes*, to *No*,
And their Hearers might do as they pleas'd.
Prithee where's the Great doing
To help *Save* from Ruine
A people the Church had quite Craz'd?

How

How ſo mightily juſt
To lay part of the Duſt,
Which the *Wind* of your *Pulpits* had rais'd?

But now keep your diſtance,
I want no Aſſiſtance
From ſuch Raga Muffins, it's certain,

Had *Tower Flag* had that Lyon
In thoſe times, as I on,
Let me tell you, a Fart for St. *Martin*.

St. *Martin*'s Flag.

YOu are much in the Wrong,
To uſe a foul Tongue,
To a Church where a Prelate did Teach in:

Tho' the Parſon's ſpeak ill,
Yet the good Biſhops ſtill,
Have an Excellent way in their preaching.
Conſider, tho' you are
Counted Beſt, and the Truer,
That *holy Things* will be the Fineſt:
And it is but in vain
For a Thing that's *Prophane*
To pretend to Cope with the *Divineſt*.
Your *Silk* does indeed
My *Calicoe* exceed,
Yet Sir, tho' you ſtand on the *Tower*:
I am fix'd on a *Plate*,
Which teaches more Grace,
And ſhould have more Honour and power.

To the *King* you belong,
And I do you no wrong,
If I ſay that my *Maſter* is greater:

And I am in a Station,
(Notwithſtanding your *Paſſion*)
More great, and exceedingly better.

Tho' I ſtand like a Fool here,
My *Maſter* as Ruler,
Your Sovereign Lord does preſerve;

And tho' he's a *King*,
It's no uncivil thing,
If I ſay, that your *King* does him ſerve.

Stan-

Standard.

I Muſt own Sir, it's true,
Give all Folks their due,
That the place which you ſtand on is *holy*;
But for you to lay claim,
To be counted the ſame,
It looks both like *Madneſs* and *Folly*.
Becauſe Biſhop and Prieſt
The Steeple has bleſs'd,
Muſt a Flag of thoſe Bleſſings partake?
And becauſe it is ſeated
On a *Place* Conſecrated,
Be holy for that Place's ſake?
By my Troth, Sir, you'r out,
In looking ſo Stout,
And fancying you'r e're a jot better,

Be-

Becauſe you'r ſo near
Houſe of Goodneſs and Pray'r,
Muſt it's Goodneſs belong to your Seat here?
No, my Friend, you'r miſtaken
In ſuch merry making,
And are very much out of the Road;
I've a much better *Plea*,
And the *Proverb* for me
Says, *Near the Church, is far from God.*

St. *Martin*'s Flag.

HOw? A Court Standard dare
With a Church to compare,
And pretend to Religion, and Vertue?

'Twould

'Twould be very fine Sport,
To ſee Goodneſs at Court,
Or Divinity there have a Party.
Your *Flag* is too fine
For Matters Divine,
Or to deal in Religious Cares;
Lord! How Man with Lac'd Coat,
Would be reckon'd to doat,
Should that Coat of his be at *Pray'rs!*

~~St. Mar. Fl.~~ *Standard*

THat my *Men* in great *Places*,
And my *Coats* daub'd with *Laces*,
Don't pay much Reſpect to the Church,
Is becauſe your *Black-Coats*,
So oft change their Notes,
And leave thoſe whom they guide in the Lurch.

But

But what's this Diſcourſe
To a *Flag* of my Force?
Prithee what didſt thou e're that was Good,

Beſides gather the *Mob*
To break Windows and Rob,
E're ſince on that *Place* thou haſt ſtood?

Has that *Flag* of thine
Been ſo Loyal as mine,
(For that is a *Subject*'s Chief Glory)

Or ſuch glad Tydings ſhown
To Suburbs and Town,
As my *Standard* which Streams now before ye?

St. Mar. Flag
~~Stand.~~

YEs, I think, Sir, much more;
To the beſt of my Pow'r,
I was always before-hand with you:

Neither *Vict'ry* nor *Rout*,
But I was hung out,
For the Joyful Spectators to view.

I was ready and willing,
When Men *Iniskilling*
Had one ſingle *Rapparee* ſeiz'd.

Strait my Zeal to diſcloſe,
And tell what curſed Blows,
Thoſe Champions could give if they pleas'd.

With my *Flag* on my *Staff*,
How I'd twitter and laugh,
To think that our Side was the Winner.

And that we had got
The unmerciful Sot,
And ſafely Secur'd the damn'd Sinner.

Whilſt your's all this while,
Would not give one poor Smile;
So far was your *Standard* from *Laughter*:

Nor had, on my Soul,
Any *Flag* on your *Pole*,
Or ſhow'd any *Joy* for the *Matter*.

~~St. Monsl.~~
~~Stand.~~

PRithee, what of all this,
Where Have I done amiſs
Becauſe I took on me due State?
And as 'twas my place,
Would never debaſe
My *Standard*, in Matters not great?
One poor ſilly Thief
To his *Ruine* and *Grief*,
May be Triumph enough for your *Clout*;
But Thouſands muſt die
Before ſuch as I,
Will vouchſafe to Rejoyce or hang out.

Where-

Wherefore, make no Denyal,
But that I am moſt Loyal,
Since I ne'er yet have giv'n that Offence,

And never did ſhew
Such Rejoycing as you,
At the *Birth*, Sir, of you know what *Prince*.

St. *Mar.* H.

A Good Reaſon why Sir,
Becauſe at that Time, I Sir,
Was in Being, which then you were not:

Had you then had your Birth,
You'd have ſhew'd as much Mirth,
As the reſt of us *Flags*, for a *Pot*.

The Flag whom you ſucceed,
Did as all of us did,
And kept as great pother, and Flutter'd;

But had not the Church,
Been afraid of Court *Birch*,
St. *Martins* had plaguily Mutter'd.

For to put ſuch damn'd Slights
In our *Freedoms* and *Rights*,
As a ſpurious *Welch* Heir, was a hard Caſe.

'Slife, Sir, if I durſt,
I had ne're been the firſt;
But I mightily love a whole Carcaſs.

However I've ſince,
Atton'd for that *Prince*,
And have been more Zealous and Hearty;

For another gueſs'd Cauſe,
Our *Lives*, and our *Laws*,
And another gueſs'd *Monarch* and *Party*.

Stand.

PRithee, what have you done,
For ſuch Crimes to Attone,
Or recover your Primitive Fame?

If your *Flag* did not dare,
Your *Sermons* and *Pray'r*,
Might ne'r have made uſe of his Name.

St. *Mar-*

St. *Mar.* Fl.

DOne? By all that is *holy*,
I admire at your Folly;
Sure, your Reaſon, and Eyes too, are blind:
As if my Deſerts,
And Love for *True Hearts*,
Were Vertues too bright for thy Mind.

Why, Man, did not I
Let my Colours fly,
As ſoon as the *News* came to Town,
That *Ruſſel* had beat,
And ſunk the *French* Fleet,
And with *Powder* and *Ball*, knock'd 'em down?

I am likewiſe as ſure,
That no ſooner *Namur*,
Had Surrendred to His Majeſty's Troops,

But, E gad, Sir, I ſtrove,
To ſhew my *Zeal* and my *Love*,
And caus'd many *Halloo's* and *Whoops*.

In the mean while, you choſe
To defer your fine *Shows*,
Till the *News* was Confirm'd by *Expreſs*.

And then, Sir, you drew
Your *Flag* out, 'tis true,
And in Troth, Friend, how cou'd you do leſs?

Stan-

Stand.

FAith, Sir, I'm too Juſt,
To take *News* ſo on Truſt,
As your unadvis'd Rag has been wont;

Great *Folks* in my Station,
Ought to uſe Meditation,
And firſt to conſider upon't.

But to Joy for a *Peace*
Before *Wars* did ceaſe,
And let loſe your poor *Flag* for a *Truce*;

What elſe was it thought,
But a Buſineſs of Nought,
It look'd ſo much like an Abuſe?

St. *Mar-*

St. *Mar.* Fl.

THat was nothing but *Zeal*
For the good *Common-Weal*;
And tho' the *Peace* was not then *Sign'd*,

Yet I knew that it muſt,
And what the *Clergy* miſtruſt,
Muſt always fall out as Divin'd.

My good Dr. *L*——
Vow'd he'd lay a Teſter;
And to each *Overſeer* declar'd,

That *Peace* was as ſure,
As he had *Soul's Cure*,
And he bad me deny't if I dar'd.

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Now, how could I refuſe
To Report ſo good *News*,
Confirm'd by my *Teacher* and *Paſtor* ?

Or a Servant as I,
Dare make a Reply,
To ſo Knowing and Learned a *Maſter*?

Stand.

BUt you ſaw, Friend, at laſt
Your Belief went too faſt,
And your poſitive *Parſon* had Err'd:

Pray, where had been the Harm,

If you'd ne're took Alarm,

And your *Joys* for ſome time had defer'd ?

Our Flags then had join'd

To combate the Wind,

And made a moſt faithful Report

Of the *Joys* and *Increaſe*,

Which ſhould flow from the *Peace*,

And the *Church* been as *true* as the *Court*.

But I find 'tis in vain

To attempt to reſtrain

The *Pride* of your Soul at this time;

Or to think the Church Flag

So addicted to Brag,

Should impute to the *Church* any Crime.

Wherefore, Sir, Adieu,

Neither Honeſt nor True,

But always by Intereſt guided;

Whom Preferment alone,

Makes adhere to the *Throne*,

And from all but the *Great ones* divided.

Since *Pride* won't let you know

The Reſpect which you owe,

I refer't to another Diſpute,

Tho'

Tho', if you'd lay'd Claim

To *Sense*, or to *Shame*,

By my Soul, Sir, you'd long since been mute.

F I N I S.